HER ARABIAN KNI

called her fat. But this trude. I've asked you before not to all me "Tiny."

"Oh, all right!" said Gertrude, who also worked in Dignowity's delicates.

"Oh, all right!" said Gertrude, who also worked in Dignowity's delicates.

"Oh, can't help your shape. I maid of queenly figure.

lower Manhattan gleamed a hundred thousand bright-lit windows. From her bedroom—\$3 a week in advance and no cooking allowed—Winnie Bout could see them. She sat there in the darkness, gazing out. Vague mountains she saw, that

would have been ghostly but for here and there odd, unstudied patterns of streaming orange-yellow light. To one of an unromantic nature those lighted windows might bespeak overtime toilers, but not to Winnie Bout.

Her favorite of them all was the great cathedral of business with its spired heights, from whose summit flammed a torch of red. Winnie let her gaze dwell long on the lofty edi-fice, and her eye were full of dreams and wishes.

"So this is your castle!" she said aloud, in tones of tender rapture. "Oh, Abdul-el-Kafar, my prince, how won derously beauteous! Ah, to dwell with thee in this palace till the sands of the desert grow cold!"

Her phrases were borrowed from the moving-picture screen.

IN business hours Winnie was aloof, brisk dignified. This untrammeled mode of expression was reserved for that happiest hour of her day when, after her work behind the counter in Dignowity's delicatessen store, she me back to her furnished room, sat at her kimono-clad ease in a battere

wicker chair and talked with princes. Princes? That was in the past There was but one prince for her now there had been but one since she say Passion Amidst the Pyramids." it was Prince Abdul-el-Kafar, the noble-browed, brilliant-eyed, gleaming-toothed chieftain of a band of nomads. He votes, receives his mail and is shaved as Angelo Delmonte. In the role of intrepid and hot-blooded leader of his band of Bedouins, Abdul spies the blond beauty of Miss Evelyn Dalrymple of New York, who is trav eling in the desert, pursued by Sir Ruthven Mainwaring, scion of a noble house but cad at heart. Such strong emotions are kindled beneath Abdul's burnoose-local color for "shirt"-that into the desert air he breathes the memorable words: "At last! My mate-woman!" and swears by Allah make her his. (Music cue: "Pale Hands I Love.")

On his snow-white charger Abdul overtakes her caravan in the exact center of the Sahara at the precise oment when Sir Ruthven is basely trying to hug her on a camel. Scorning to use his scimitar or yet his sataghan, Abdul uppercuts Sir Ruthten on his patrician chin, and this leads to blows. Desert chieftain and white aristocrat indulge in a good many running film-feet of fisticuffs. almost upsetting a pyramid or two right swing to the Adam's apple puts the dastardly Sir Ruthven down for the count, and Abdul snatches up Miss Dalrymple and bears her off to his desert boudoir. He tries to hold her hand, but, to quote the subtitle, Beneath Thy Chariot Wheels.")

She is a haughty captive for sevcharming negligees, of which, it would reem, the prince is a collector. Her glance, her trusting smile make him member that he is a gentleman; so he behaves himself and goes off to hunt ibexes. Up comes a sandstorm. rescue of his captive. Rescue her he en camel kicks him in the head, and rymple, who melts in his arms and says, "My mate-man!" (Music cue: "Kiss Me Again.")

* * * *

TTS all right, though. Lest there be any question of the propriety of a blond Caucasian permanent wave be ng joined in wedlock to black-briliantined locks, he confesses that he is really Harold Emerson Throckof a fine old cotton-millwning Boston family, who, disgusted with the tawdry glitter of Beacon treet, has spurned it for the simple ife of a desert wanderer. He has wever, built himself on the edge desert a palace about the size of the Grand Central station, and was something queenly about have it, was passing at the moment. Music-cue: Mendelssohn's "Wedding With all her eyes and soul Winnie

had devoured this drama. In her was But Miss Dalrympleotherwise Miss Peggy Charmingwas eliminated, and her role was

played by Winnie Bout. Over Winnie's washstand hung a picture of Angelo Delmonte, cut from a motion picture magazine. Winnie knew the legend beneath the picture

by heart. Angelo Delmonte, idol of the screen, snapped unawares at his country place, Kum Rite Inn. He oves outdoor life, but speaks English with a delicious foreign accent, being of a noble Spanish-Italian

family but a naturalized American To this picture Winnie turned from heights of her castle, and, apparently

in reply to some question, said:
"What was it that first attracted me to you, my prince? Oh, Abdul, it was your delicious foreign accent

A knock on the door startled Miss Bout from her musings.
"You may enter," she said in a voice that was, she hoped, queenly. It was

changeling, the daughter of a king, inexplicably left to be raised by her parents, who, before their demise, were in the delicatessen business. Holding to this belief, she had cultivated a regal manner.

THE girl who entered was a bony slip of a thing in a cotton-crepe kimono. Everything about the newcomer seemed sharp-her eyes. elbows, her chin, her voice and her

"Lissen, Tiny," she said; "lemme have the loan of your frizzle-iron. will you? I got a date with Eddie."
"You will find the curling iron on the chiffonier, Gertrude," said Winnie. She had gone to a surprise party at ness, closed the door of her mind to the

Matter-of-fact dwellers in ing to one of her ladies in waiting-a matter-of-fact world gracious, yet majestic. "And, Ger

queenly figure.

sen. "You can't help your shape, I s'pose."

to heat," said Miss Shultz, which was the name on Gertrude's pay envelope

Winnie. With deft fingers she ma-

nipulated the hot iron. Gertrude gratefully.

"Where are you and Edward going this evening?" asked Winnie, with

"Hands, Gertrude," corrected Win nie. "Did you see 'Passion Amidst the

"Wasn't Angelo-Mr. Delmonteadorable?"

sorial art. Then she said:

loved by him?"

"Angelo-Mr. Delmonte." "Aw, he's a foreigner," said Miss

"He's a naturalized American." rewarmth.

can't speak English. Wouldn't it be just too swoop down and carry you off?"
"Not me." said Miss Shultz. "Eddie

Winnie shrugged her ample shoulders. "I think it would be just heavenly, she said.

Miss Shultz eyed Winnie critically. "I guess you ain't in no danger, she said. Before her gaze Winnie

"Didn't you think Peggy Charming was a little-well, a little too thin for the part"

"She looked a little skinny to me," said Winnie. "Aw, you're jealous!" said Gertrude,

with a sharp laugh There was a jaunty masculine ring at the door bell.

"Thanks for frizzing me. lantly. Tiny." She skipped from the room.

"Before the virginal armor of her ling its disillusioning head into the a young man, a very superior young glance, the prince shrank back." country of her fancy. She could not man, in top hat and morning coat, (Music cue: "Less Than the Dust escape the fact that no Eddie had with a gardenia in his buttonhole. ever come to take her out. A little while before, her fancy had trans-formed her room into a spacious. luxurious apartment, worthy of the prospective bride of a noble gentle-

bed, and for long minutes she studied the ceiling. Why had she no princetired of second-hand romance; hopefully, diffidently, she was beginning

her face in the decrepit mirror. thither, arm in arm, go he and the face; it wasn't sharp and pert, like no longer supercitious Miss Dalrym-Gertrude's. Also, her collar bones did ple, followed by a missionary from not show, as Gertrude's unquestion-Des Moines, Iowa, who, as luck would ably did. Her figure, she had to ad-

> toward a chair in the corner where lay new garments, to be donned for the first time next morning. Sunday when she went to church and after ward for a stroll up oth avenue. On

ing to try to be a flapper.

She was taking this step on the ad-

"The trouble with you. Tiny, is that you're too up-stage. You act like you thought you was a queen or some-thing. You got a Ritzy smile that don't fit on lower 7th avenue. ought to giggle and you ought to flap.' "But," objected Winnie, "I don't

"Aw, all you need is the uniform."

distinguishes the flapper. Tomorrow she would try to forget that she was majestic, statuesque, and probably the

During the past few months she had cajoled Gertrude into bringing young men, friends of Eddie, to on her in the red-plush parlor of the

luctant Eddie she had gone to severa Athletic Club. of which Eddle was : member, but to Winnie they had been sorry affairs. The young gentlemen

of the Social and Athletic Club did not, it would appear, care for statu-

"Gertrude!" Winnie drew herself "Gee! This iron takes a long time

She began to make attempts to reach the back of her hair that a contor tionist might have envied. "Here! Let me do it for you," said

"You're a good kid, Winnie," said

languid interest.

To see a film," replied Gertrude.

"What one?"
"The Handsome Bedouin, one of them desert things," replied Miss Shultz. "You know—the kind where they play 'Pale Hans I Love Beside the Cellar Door.' Say-who was this Hans, anyhow"

Pyramids'?"

"Uh huh. Don't burn my ear." Winnie busied herself with her ton-

"Gertrude---"Yeah."

"Wouldn't it be wonderful to be

"Why, in Film Favorites I read he

"He's got a delicious foreign ac-cent," retorted Winnie. "And he's so wonderful to have a man like that

Meany ain't got a delicious foreign accent, but he's good enough for me."

"Oh, I don't know," said Gertrude.

"She had to be little, or how could he have slung her over his saddle?"

"It's Eddie!" cried Gertrude, jubi-

sat down again in her wicker chair. But stern reality was thrustcome to take her out; nor could she As his features grew more distinct, avoid reflecting that no Eddie had Winnie's heart stopped short. It was

man with a delicious foreign accent. does, but in so doing a panic-strick- crowded little room. papered with looking at her. But he was not smil- stopped. Winnie stared through the roses that had once been pink, but ing; he was laughing! And at her! which were now pale blurs, carpeted Her inviting divan became a narrow iron bed, her chiffonier a golden oak chest of drawers needing varnish, her

rose-hued light, a simple gas jet in its petticoat of frosted glass.

to reach out for the real thing. most certainly her complexion was better than Gertrude's. An unusually all modesty, could say. And there mit, was not the sort that can be

conveniently slung over a saddle; it was much too generous and heroic of mold for that. Statesque! That was the word for it. She had seen word used in a movie title and

Her eves brightened as she turned a new and daring role. She was go-

she was taking this step on the advice of Gertrude Shultz, who had said:

1y plump, not just stylishly sty

So Winnie Bout had bought the particular and peculiar garb which offspring of royal parents.

coming house, but these princes had slipped away never to return. With Gertrude and a patently re-



workers in Dignowity's. But when they played post office. Winnie's name had never been called.

Bout was forced to admit to herself that her search for romance had been perilously near a total failure. Tomorrow, she felt, would be a crisis in her life. In the morning she dressed with in

finite care. Her final glance in the mirror was not very reassuring. She did look-well, rather wide, and her legs-well, she hadn't realized there was quite so much of them. How-

She was dressed in the garb of the younger generation. Her feet were adorned with flat, rubber-soled sport shoes of banana-hued elkskin, with brown bands across the toes; her stockings were of the popular buffish open; it could never be closed again.

When church was over Winnie started on her stroll up 5th avenue. Winnie turned out the gas, and inwardly she was trembling at her

own audacity.

At 50th street she saw approaching he-Angelo Delmonte!

Winnie took the elevated train back

It was Miss Shultz, another girl. Eddie, and a fellow member of the Social and Athletic Club out for a

"Well, look who's here!

Sunday stroll. Winnie nodded to them as pleas antly as a numbed heart would per mit. In the faces of Eddie and his seen in the face of her prince on 5th o reach out for the real thing.

She stood up, lit the gas and studied as she climbed the stairs to her bed-She was sitting in her wicker chair, trying to keep back the tears, when Gertrude thrust in her head.

"You know what Eddie said. Tiny? Winnie raised her stricken face.
"What?" she asked feebly.

"He said." replied Miss Shultz. "that you looked like a load of hay going somewhere to be pitched." She slammed the door and rattled down stairs again.
With dull fingers Winnie pulled off

her finery, let it fall to the floor, lay down on the bed, buried her face in a pillow and tried to shut out the Winnie had to go to work that afternoon, for Sunday is a banner day in delicatessendom. As she arranged

the cold baked beans in their little paper canoes, she felt that the world was staring at her, pointing its finger at her, laughing at her. thought that tortured her most was that no prince would ever come for Winnie was fat. Not just pleasing-

had thought of herself as statuesque. Winnie weighed 229 pounds.

may strike the fortunate thin that it odd that she had never noticed this damning fact until her twentysecond year. But what girl of ro-mantic temperament will admit to herself that she is unattractive to men until the cruel truth is forced upon her? * * * *

Winnie couldn't help being like that. She inherited her physique and her romantic temperament. customers come into the Bout Delicatessen Emporium and say, as they pinched young Winnie's bulging cheeks or chubby legs: "There's a fine healthy child for

sight of the castles and tried not to Her father said it was a good adsob too loudly. vertisement for his business to have Winnie so palpably well nourished and he permitted, even encouraged IN THE morning her opening eyes her as a child to range at will among the macaroons, the pies, the potato chips and the candies. When she paper that the picture had covered. grew a little older Winnie wrapped She forced herself to get up, to dress, herself round in dreams, she made believe to herself that slender girls were jealous of her superior statuesquesto start for Dignowity's and work. She didn't know if she could get through the day.

off to a fate worse than death, she Bound hand and foot in the path of an onrushing locomotive, she smiled. As a tenement drudge, beaten by alcoholic parents, she smiled. Always she smiled until romance came to her. trudged on to work. Her mind had been casting about it away. nungrily for something to compensate horrid truth. Now the door was wide

one eye entirely and imperiled the other. A rainbow scarf was twisted nonchalantly about her throat.

one eye entirely and imperiled the other in the finger tips. She almost reached them onto the finger tips. She almost reached them not be that kind of sn nonchalantly about her throat. -almost. Her face grew peony-red; her head began to swim; she panted. She gave up after three bends, for of one concealing a secret sorrow— She gave up after three bends, for fear of doing herself an injury. No: something more drastic than exercise, one who cared to analyze it: "The something more drastic than exercise, one who cared to analyze it: "The and less dangerous, must be atempted.

Earnestly Winnie Bout began to diet. See? I smile." She practiced this smile as she took her stand Three starved and anguished months behind the counter and began to do

Three starved and anguished months beand the counter and began to do crawled their slow hungry way in Winnie's life. Valiantly she walked miles, always after dusk, for she had grown acutely self-conscious. She shunned scales, Hopefully each morning, however, she studied her face in the mirror. Yes; she was growing thinner. At less the want to the war thinner. At less the want to the war thinner. Winnie gathered together all her the mirror. Yes; she was growing courage. As he drew near she thinner. At last she went to the rear raised her eyes to his archly. She of the store and weighed herself. Dignowity's noticed it. They teased Now she turned from her window and, by the unsympathetic rays of a she dropped them again. She venstreet light, saw it as it was—a tured to look up. Her prince was

mist of her tears at the figures "228."

That little metal arrow was to Win
"Take me out in your Rolls he swoons. For several hundred feet which were now pale blurs, carpeted he hovers between life and death; but with a worn material that was no lower 7th avenue. As she hurried in the finger of fate. To her it said to lower 7th avenue. As she hurried in the finger of fate. To her it said that hope was gone. When she got "Can is nursed back to health by Miss Dal- has leveling divers became a parson." "Well look who's here! Why back to her room that night she is cast back to her room that night she a castle?" Why. locked the door. She went to the "Has washstand, over which the handsome cent?" features of Angelo Delmonte smiled a In unguarded moments in the past. dazzling smile. For long minutes the Winnie had confided lier dreams to

sad blue eyes of Winnie Bout gazed

place, kissed the sepia lips and con-

vulsively crumpled up the picture and

threw it into the wastebasket. Then,

though the night was warm, she

pulled down the shade to shut out the

fell on the clean spot on the wall

bewitching smile known to picture-lovers the world over. Winnie had returned. He seemed discon-paused to ponder. Whatever hap-certed to find Winnie smiling at him; pened, Winnie reflected, Miss Charm- he approached her counter slowly, met ing smiled. Captured by brigands and her glance, looked away, embarrassed. imminent peril of being carried

"Winnie's in love," they said, nudg-

"Take me out in your Rolls-Royce.

some of them. She regretted that

smile. But there was no smile in her

HOWEVER, clinging to her resolu-

her customers. Age or sex mattered

ders that fitted tightly into his blu-

tion, she bestowed a smile on all

What could a man mean to her

say: "Too fat! Too fat!"

smiling.

To their banter she returned :

"She's got a sweetie.

"Piggle," he repeated, pointing. "Oh, pickle." He nodded emphatically.

aquarium. The stranger solen Winnie thought about this as she laid down a dime, grasped the pickle her for the prince that could never be. during which Winnie forced herself

In the afternoon, after a hard day,

"Why, here he is again!" exclaimed The man with the bulgy shoulders

"Piggle," he said in his husky voice
"Piggle?" I beg pardon."

Winnie speared a large green pickle

and, with another ducking bow, bore

tint; her skirt was plaid—rather vio-lently plaid. Her light coat was of alleged camel's hair, and was of the type called "nelo". Her between the closed again. It occurred to her that here was a new role she could play. She would struggles, she was sitting wistfully smile, although her heart was breaktint; her skirt was plaid—rather violently plaid. Her light coat was of
alleged camel's hair, and was of the
type called "polo." Her hat was
cocked at an angle that obliterated

type called "polo." Her hat was
cocked at an angle that obliterated to bend and touch her toes with her

type called "polo." Her hat was
cocked at an angle that obliterated to bend and touch her toes with her

Winnie resolved to be thin. She tried
to bend and touch her toes with her

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"Weenie?" "Yes." Confusion seemed to overtake him

t this point. He seized the pickle in his brown hands and carried it off as

he were performing a religious rite Some busy hours passed. Winnie turned from the butter tub to find the man with the bulgy shoulders gazing at her intently. There was a curious light in his eyes. Somehow, it made Winnie blush. "Piggle, Weerle," he said in a tone

departed.

swimming with its mates in a glass

The long day in the store was near ing an end, and Winnie was trying not to think of the cheerless evening ahead of her in her hall bedroom when she

bulgy buyer of pickles, who had com in softly and was watching her. Sh

saw that same old look in his black "Piggle, Weenie," he said, almost

a customer. She looked. It was the

"Say," remarked Winnie; "you must be fond of pickles." The bulgy man shook his head.

of almost abject deference.

She covered her own confusion by pretending to search the aquarium for

the largest pickle. He took it, bowed,

"I hate zem," he said sadly. "Ze;

make me seek." "They make you sick?"

A Story of Humor and Sentiment By Richard Connell

reality. With a little start Winnie ing the pickle in his hand in his em

looked up, smiled. It was the man

She captured a pickle from the

tank, and he carried it away. Again she returned to her melancholy mus-

ings. A customer at her counter

rought her back to the world of

"Piggle," he said. His tone was

pickle. For the smallest part of a second he dared to raise his black eyes to her blue eyes. Then he made

N HER room that night, Winnie

her place behind the counter, the man with the bulgy shoulders made his

appearance. He advanced to Winnie's counter with a more determined

stride, opened his mouth as if to say

omething important, thought better

of it or else lost courage, and said

'Say," she said affably; "you'd save

ime if you bought 'em by the dozen.

He actually blushed beneath his tan

nustache-ends with a deft, rapid

did not smile. That role was re-

of the bulgy shoulders.

plaintive.

"Piggle."

"Name?"

"Winnie."

"My name?"
"Yes. Sure."

Winnie smiled.

"Name, please?"

"Piggle," he said shyly.

'Veree, veree seek," he affirmed "Then why do you eat them?

"I don't eat zem "You don't eat them? Then wha! do you do with them?'

barrassment.
"Do you mean to say you buy good pickles to throw away?" With a smile Winnie gave him his

"I throw zem away," he said, twist-

He gazed at the shining buttons on his tan shoes. He nodded "But why do you buy them?" Winnie

ducking bow and vanished from persisted. He looked up at her with sudden

"Because, Weenie," he said, "you smile when you sell zem to me." "But I-I don't see-" faltered Winserved for the day; it helped her get through the long work hours. In the morning, shortly after she had taken

you," he said. "Zen I will tell you. O daughter of the sun!" IT must have been after midnight that night when Miss Gtrtrude Shultz, in her hall bedroom on lower

"Outside, by the gutter, I will await

7th avenue, was wakened from he slumbers by the excited entrance of Winnie Bout. "Wake up, Gertrude; wake up! "Fire?" asked Miss Shultz, sitting up

"You, Tiny? What's the row?" Suddenly he uncurled, then curled, his

"Guess What?"

"He said I was more beauteous than the full moon over the Bosporus!

"Who? What---" "And he said my smile was like a

wreath of stars shining down on Stam "Tiny Bout, are you sober?" Miss

Shultz stared at Winnie.

"Yes, yes, yes! And he said that in his country I'd be considered very beautiful."

Winnie hesitated and blushed. "Only-if anything-I was a little underweight."
"Who said this?" demanded Miss Shultz.

"The prince-my prince!" "Your prince? "Yes Abdul. We're to be married

white stallion.'

Saturday."
"You? Tiny? To a prince?" Miss Shultz took the tone of one humoring a lunatic. "I suppose he's got a milk-

"He has," replied Winnie proudly 'Six of them. I saw them.' "You saw them? Where?"

"Madison Square Garden."
"The circus?" Winnie nodded. "Say," questioned Miss Shultz; what kind of a prince is he?" "I don't know exactly," admitted

Winnie, "but on the bill-boards it says

he is Abdul, the equestrian prince from Constantinople.' "Equestrian?" Miss Shultz wrinkled her sharp forehead. "Never heard of uestria. Where is it?"
'I don't know," said Winnie; "but

I'll get the prince to take me there.'

(Copyright, 1923.)

BY ELSIE ROBINSON ,

midair as it were, "we have at last achieved our rights. And now we'll show the men who's 'the weaker sex.' I

store for them!" she chuckled snortily. "There's no 'but' about it!" she look at her intuition alone. Women along, managing to support ourselves know more intuitively than men do

know more intuitively than men do with a college education. And now "Yes. now that we have our rights what are we going to do with them? What are our rights, anyway?" said I, at last diving into the flood of her oratory. "Rights? Why, suffrage, of course,

emancipation in general. "And you think that 'frees' women "Assuredly. Don't you?"

and all that goes with suffrage. Bet-

ter industrial laws, better marriage

"No, I don't." I declared-and the battle was on. Yes. I'm a woman. And I'm quite as glad as any other woman that I can vote and enjoy all the privileges which come with voting. But I do

was going to do when she came into home were denied us in the "man her own. I was a great admirer of world" which we had thought so free such orations at one time. I com- and pleasant. mitted many of them myself. But gradually it dawned upon me that expression" the average housewife a ton of such talk is merely air in has a thousand more opportunities motion, and that the truth lies elsewhere. I've come to feel that woman has been in full possession of her world, doesn't want "self-expression." "rights" for many a generation, and It wants action-gobs of it-hot off if she hasn't profited by them it is the griddle. largely her own fault.

now? She almost stopped smiling as starve. That seems a prosaic enough myself much more than I had ever incident, but in the woman's world dreamed of doing in the past—the this thought crossed her brain. But into the rotogravure eyes of the knight of her dreams; then, with a tomer who had huskily ordered some flerce, despairing gesture, she plucked cold beans. He smiled back—a surit has a tremendous significance. It right 'o forget my individuality and is very easy to talk about emancipa- merge myself in the combination prised, almost frightened smile.
"Anything else?" asked Winnie "Nudding," said the customer. He intuition and intellect-until the time reached out a huge hand for the little clock calls your bluff. And "woman's cance of beans. The timidity of his voice and manner was not at all in keeping with his big, bulging shoulrights" seem a golden treasure chest -until you open the lid and look

the lid. At once I found out most amazing things. I found out first conclude that they are being downthat my boasted intuitions were just about as useful in the hard, hustling rectify all this." they cried. And suit. He was not tall, or fat, yet his shoulders seemed to fill the store. His face was tanned, and his mustache curled in a tight black curl on either end. He took his beans, made a life of that outer world as a sachet suffrage was given them. "Wait now bag would be in a gas attack. Intui-tion had been a pretty parlor orna-ment, but out there on the front line trenches I needed definite knowledge, holding the woman down save her the color. queer, ducking bow to Winnie and "Hey, Winnie, who's your friend?" Her route to her store led her past called Gertrude Shultz.

"we score of prosaic qualities. I had all the suffrage in the world and what did it buy me? What did it buy the men around me? Precious rather imagine there's a surprise in little. Yes, better laws for my sex those laws had only a slight effect on my individual lot. I found to my snapped. "You know as well as I do that women have had a hard deal since time immemorial. She has been since time immemorial. She has been since time immemorial. She has been the very same cooped up in the home, deprived of any right of self-expression, treated manity. Drudgery, boredom, stupidity, laziness, inefficiency—in the Why, midst of them all we floundered

somehow.

THEN I looked at the leaders, at the lucky few who rose. I had thought that men became prosperous run o' the roost, as it were, and that women would reach the same estate under emancipation. Well, here we were, all emancipated together. What made the leaders rise? Suffrage? Emancipation? Not a bit of t-the old, old qualities of pep and perseverance, patience, poise and gained it. pluck. Whether they were men or women, they got ahead just as their

success was concerned, the great phenomenon of suffrage might just as well never have happened.

her superior intellect, intuition and found that a thousand considerations and the wonderful things she and exemptions which were ours at

I found that when it came to "self-

In short, I found that the most The means of my reformation was evident right which my emancipation very simple. I got a job. I got a had conferred upon me was the right job because I had to get a job or to work much harder and control

pation means. It is delightful to ing pains! I had opened the suffrage your treasure chest, and that is what found. Most women haven't opened the lid. That's terse statement of vital fact. and because that condition has long Getting a job forced me to open held and still holds much of discom

said she, pausing in common sense, daring initiative, a yown self. And she'll rise just as fast as she fits herself to rise

AM not writing this in criticism of my sex. I have but an earnest were going into effect. But, after all, those laws had only a slight effect myself, out of this slough of misapprehension in which women have loundered for so many centuries We are still trying to solve the prob blem by noise and hysteria, by tears and tempests. It won't do. as we consider ourselves abused and

downtrodden we're going to stay abused and downtrodden. Of course, it's a very convenient alibi. It's sometimes much easier to be downtrodden than it is to scramble up and tread on the other fellow But in the long run you pay pretty dearly if you refuse to grow a spin-We have had the raw end of things but largely because we've played th and powerful because they had the game in the wrong way. We've de pended on sentiment and emotion and intuition and "superior spiritual quality" to see us through. They've Suf- left men stranded if men had depended on such things. If we want power, we must gain it as men have

At that, men haven't gained very much. On close inspection this wor great-great-grandparents had got derful man world proves to be pretty ahead. As far as their individual much of a stupid muddle. It shouldn't take a very great amount of reformation or endeavor on the part of women to acheive that equality they

have so long craved.

But the reformation and efformust take place if the equality is to be achieved. And the only one who can set woman free is herself, and the bondage from which she must be

gilding or as a coloring agent in glazes. Its value for gilding lies in its resistance to oxidation and the finess of the layer that can be pro duced, for which reason it is not ar expensive stain. The aid of a flux employed in application and mersurous oxide is found to reduce the amount of gold required. The fol-

Fifteen parts of black mercurous oxide, 2.5 parts of basic bismuth nitrate and 0.3 parts of melted borax. The addition of three parts of silver carbonate to this composition produces a greenish tint. After firing in the muffler the gold has a mat surface and must be polished with bloodstone or agate. A cheaper process, which does not require polishing after the burn, is the use of glanzold or Meissen gold, a preparation of gold solution with an orof antimony or magnesia

ganic medium such as turpentine, avender oil or a balsam or resin As a coloring agent in glazes, gold produces shades from violet to purple and red, of which the best known is purple of Cassurs, a lake of precipi-tated gold with metallic hydroxide, preferably that of tin, which was ormerly regarded as a definite compound. The presence of ammonia or alum in the stannous chloride solu tion produces shade from dark to rose purple and the tint may be further modified by the substitution Choice of flux materially influences

not think that suffrage was or is "woman's right." I do not think the Then I discovered another amazing thing. As a housekeeper I had been granting of suffrage has emancipated very sure I was humanity's original east of burden. Mine was the No law on earth can emancipate woman. She must emancipate herself. Her bondage is not political dreariest, most depressing job on earth. I knew it. And all the other ladies knew it, too. Once let us set our collective foot in the office world That, and that alone, is woman's or social, though political and social injustice have made it harder for her and we'd show 'em.
to shake off that bondage. Her Very well, here w Very well, here we were with our (Copyright, 1923.) handage is personal. And a "woman's foot in the office world, and what did right" is not the right to vote but the right to think, act, treat and be we find? That when the novelty had worn off the office world was just as dry and depressing—that we worked Gold in Ceramics. GOLD is used on pottery either for treated like a regular human being. I have listened for many years to just as hard physically and infinitely these impassioned orations about harder mentally than we ever had in MINNIE KNEW THE LEGEND BENEATH THE PICTURE BY woman's rights and wrongs-about the old days at home. Moreover, we